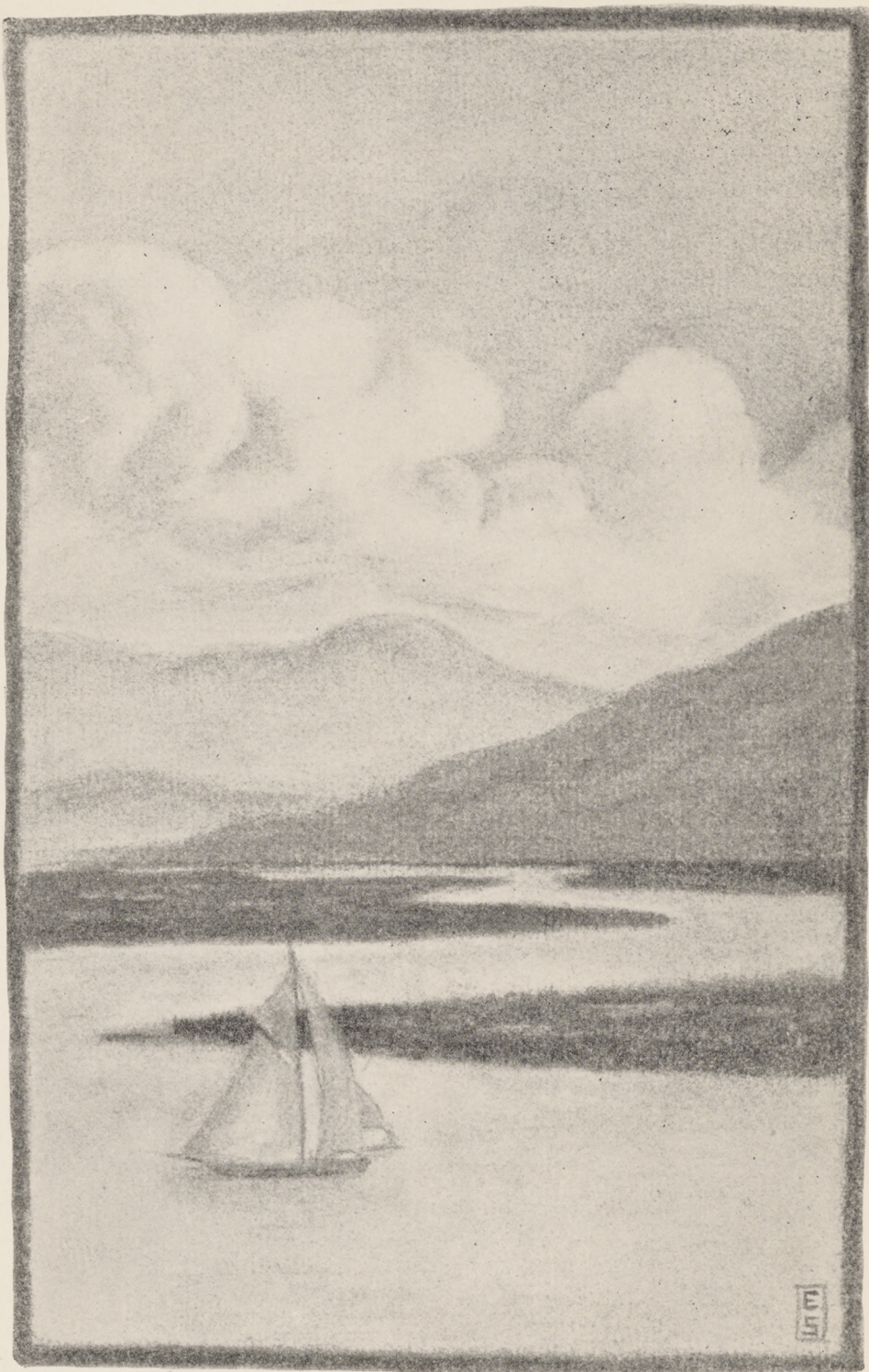


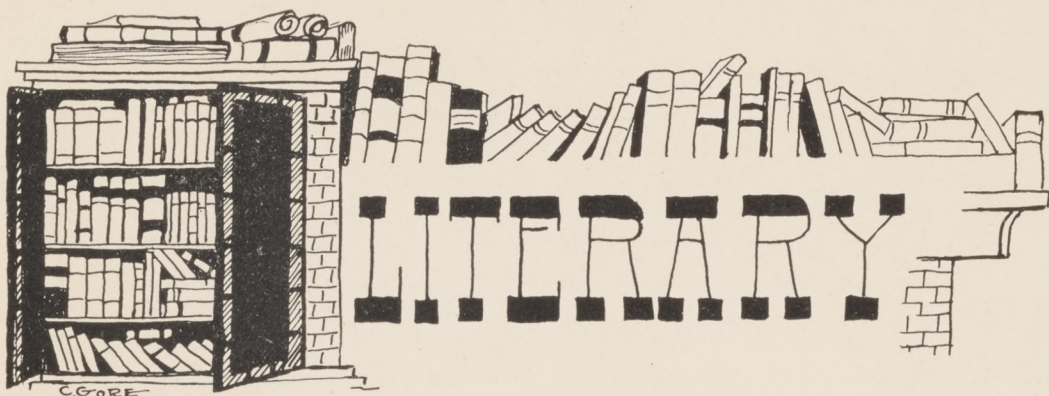
December 1912





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VOL. V.

SANTA ROSA, DECEMBER, 1912

No. 4

The Greater Vicotory



It was the beginning of the second month of school in the Lafayette High School and everything was running along smoothly. The Freshmen reception had been held, and had been, as everybody said, the most successful in the history of the school.

Both the coach and the track manager had succeeded in getting quite a squad out for training, and the squad was doing splendid work. Nearly every evening they could be seen at their exercises—practicing starting, throwing the hammer and discus, putting the shot, and running around the cinder track. While a few of them were veterans of last year, most of them were green Freshmen or comparatively new material. The former had turned out very well, with the exception of a few, who, either on account of their small stature or lack of school spirit, had failed to answer the call. These, under the coach's trained eye devoted their time to the event for which they were best suited.

There was one Freshman, however, who did not get out to train with his classmates. Frank Stone was his name, but on account of his red hair he was nicknamed "Brick." He was a clean-cut youth, five feet nine inches in height. He was not handsome, his clothes were not of the latest cut, but one could see by the square jaw and firm set lips that he had great determination. As he kept to himself a great deal and did not mingle with the other fellows, no one paid much attention to him. A close observer might have seen a wistful look in his eyes as he watched the training for a few minutes after school. Then he would turn, mount his bicycle, and ride silently away.

"How I wish that I had time to train for the team," he said again and again to himself, "but as things now are, with mother ill, I must hurry home to do the chores; for I know father will be tired out with the day's work."

That night before he reached home, the chain of his wheel broke. Not having an extra link with him, he left the bicycle at a neighbor's. About a mile further up the solitary lane, surrounded by tall trees, he could see the

small, grey house, which was his home. As he walked along, thinking of the field meet which was to be held a month later, an expression of hope crossed his countenance. "Why could I not leave my bicycle with Mr. Jones every evening and run from there home? That, together with the work I do at home, would make up for the training I miss at school."

A few days before the tryout for the track team, a new figure was amongst the squad. He ran fairly well and was entered in both the mile and the half-mile.

Frank did not make the team but this did not discourage him. His weaknesses were made apparent to him. He saw that he must acquire an even stride and a faster finish to win a race.

It was a few days before the dual meet between the rival schools—Lafayette High and Winship High. The meet was to be held in Lafayette and the home team was striving its utmost to get into the pink of condition. It was a team to be proud of, and, backed up by the support of a student body, loyal to their colors—orange and black—they had great hopes of carrying off the honors. Then the superb gold loving cup to be seen in the window of a prominent jeweler, had aroused a determination in the hearts of those representing the school, to do their best toward adding it to the prized collection of trophies in the study hall.

Frank Stone was visiting his cousin in Lafayette. He had succeeded in making the team in his Junior year, as he was superior to his schoolmates in the mile run. He was wondering what chance he would have of winning his event from Dalton, the much-feared miler from Winship, when he heard a knock at the door. Upon opening it, he confronted a young man about his own build, dressed in a suit of the latest cut.

"Hello Dalton, how are you?" Frank asked, "I haven't seen you for some time."

"I didn't have anything to do today, so I took a little run down in the auto. Hearing that you were visiting in town, I thought I would drop around and see you."

"I'm glad to have you call; step in; there is no one here."

"I will, being that you are alone."

"It must be nice riding in a car this kind of weather. You may consider yourself lucky to have a machine to drive any place you wish," said Frank, with a wistful expression in his eyes.

"Oh, I don't know, one is never satisfied with what one has."

"Right you are," Frank agreed, "I was just wishing for a few dollars myself."

"Anything urgent? I might be able to help you."

"Oh, no; I was just thinking how nice it would be to give mother some money for a birthday present. Twenty-five dollars would just finish paying her doctor bill."

"Not changing the subject," ventured Dalton, "but I suppose you are to run the mile in the coming meet."

"Yes, I guess I will unless mother takes ill again, or something unforeseen happens."

"So your mother is sickly; I hope she improves. Did you not say you would like to give her about twenty-five dollars for a birthday present?"

"Yes, I would, but a person cannot give money when he has not the money to give."

"Say, Stone, I have a proposition in mind. I graduate this term and this is my last meet. I have certain reasons for wishing to win my event. To come to the point, I have twenty-five dollars here with me which is yours if you will let me win, if you should be able to beat me. No one will know the difference since our time is so near the same, and I know that you need the money badly."

There was a silence. One youth waited eagerly for an answer; the other thought rapidly, "No one will know it, and you need the money badly." The latter was indeed true, Frank said to himself, and of course the former would be. With the money he could make his mother happy. He then glanced at her picture on the piano. There was a reproachful look in the earnest blue eyes. Swift and convincing came the question: "What would mother say if she knew that I had betrayed my school? I cannot comply with your offer, Mr Dalton," said Frank, as he arose from his seat, "I should be a traitor to my school."

"I am sorry," answered the other, "but if you see fit to change your mind and are willing to give me the race on those conditions, drop me a card bearing the word 'agreed,' and I will send you a check, which you can cash the day after the meet."

As he finished speaking, and turned to leave, Frank's cousin, John, and Smith, the track captain, came around the corner of the house. They seemed in a hurry and answered Frank with only a dry "Hello." They had heard Dalton's last words, and since they were in the same race, had guessed the rest.

The next few days were gloomy for Frank. If he lost his race he would be branded a traitor by his fellow-students. "I must win," he said over and over to himself, "to help bring honor to the school, and to clear myself from this dreadful suspicion."

The meet was nearly over, the score was 58-61 in favor of Lafayette High. The mile run was the last race on the program. It would decide the meet. Three men were entered from each school. At the crack of the pistol they were off. At first the rooters in the bleachers were comparatively quiet. Every eye was upon the runners. As they passed the grandstand at the end of the first quarter, the rooters of both schools yelled encouragement to their respective runners. At the close of the second quarter everyone was beginning to get impatient for the final sprint. As the race neared its end the excitement increased. Dalton was in the lead and running easily. It was when the runners passed the grandstand the third time that the rooting began in earnest; each school trying to outdo the other in its encouragement to the runners.

The race was drawing near its finish; Dalton led, with Frank not far behind; third came the other runners from Lafayette. Would Frank be able to pass the leader? This was the question upon the lips of everybody.

To Frank himself, there was but one answer—he must win. Gradually

gaining, he was even with his opponent, but again, Dalton took a slight lead. Frank was getting tired; never before had he been forced to run so hard, or to run against a man more experienced than himself. What was that? Was it his name he heard? His head was growing thick and heavy, but the sound brought life to him.

"Stone! Rah, Rah, Rah! Stone!" Then came a roaring "Ratty-to-trat."

It was the combined voice of over three hundred eager fellow-students urging him on to victory. He gave a mighty effort and passed Dalton. The necessity of the moment had done what nothing else could do. Breast to breast they sped down the home stretch, the finish was coming nearer and nearer. Everything was growing black to Frank, when suddenly the tape loomed up before him. With one supreme struggle he threw his chest against it and fell victorious into the arms of both manager and captain.

He had saved the honor of the school and proved himself worthy of her trust.
—J. L.

HOLY NIGHT

The monks descend the mountain bare,
Their choral hymns are heard afar,
And before the long, dark line
A torch moves onward, like a star.

After the holy men have passed,
A lad and mother follow near;
And speeding down the yellow road,
A lighted church spire doth appear.

Soon the solemn march is ended,
The star goes up the church, wide aisled;
Within the people kneel in groups,
And wond'ring looks the mountain child.

Then, as if dreams were coming true,
He gazes on a master's light,
A soft, sweet glow illuminates all;
It is Corregio's "Holy Night!"

—I. T., '15.

Mr. Montgomery's Speech



OR some time I have had it in my mind to speak to you about some matters which are of importance to you and to the school. I shall take a few minutes this morning to mention them and I hope that you will think seriously of them.

It is the purpose of the school to help prepare you for life—for what you are to do and be after your school days are past. Not all the valuable lessons of the school are learned in the study of Latin, History, English, Mathematics, and Science. The school is in a sense a social unit and some of your most valuable lessons should come to you through your relations to one another as a part of this social organization.

Outside of the school every individual has a very definite relation to society and he is estimated very largely by that relation. Every citizen is expected to be honest in his dealings with his fellowmen, to have a high sense of honor, and to be independent to the extent of living by his own work.

These same virtues of honesty, honor and independence the high school has a right to expect of its members. Unfortunately in society we find men who do not possess these virtues. Some there are who do not respect that which belongs to their neighbors; some who are not honorable, and some who live not by their own work but by the toil of their fellows.

To you in the high school, who are preparing for your place in the social organization, I want to emphasize the importance of these three things in your school work,—honesty, honor and independence. We talk much about school spirit. The kind of spirit that I should like to see in this school is that which will exact of every student these three things.

Every student should stand squarely on his own feet. He should do his work in his own way to the best of his ability. No student should be willing to get his work from another. Neither should he depend upon borrowing and using the paper, pencils and books of another. Outside of school the man who lives from the work of others is termed a "grafter." In school we may apply the milder term of parasite. Society is striving to rid itself of the grafter. The school should have no use for the parasite. Be independent. Be unwilling to live by the work of your fellow students.

Honesty that exacts of every student the strictest regard for the property rights of his fellows; a sense of honor that will not permit profiting by another's work, and a spirit of independence that requires that each member stand solely on his own merits; these are qualities that we should like to see in our school spirit. They are even more important to you than many of the lessons of the class room.

An Accident That Reaped a Friend



It was half-past five in the afternoon, when Bess Saunders, on her high-spirited "Duchess" was riding toward Roxville. The month being December, and the hour rather late, the darkness, which was already setting over the country, made the trail rather difficult to follow. Because of a steep bank on one side and a sharp precipice on the other, Bess was obliged to hold in her impatient Duchess to a steady trot.

As she rode along, she glanced, every now and then, at the fast-gathering clouds above her. "I know it is going to pour before I get home," she cried, as she gave her steed an extra tap with her whip. "Mother expects me early, too. Well I couldn't help it, Kitty insisted that we stay that long."

Bess was about four and a half miles from her home in Roxville. She had just come from a party at the home of her friend, Kitty Stevens, six miles out of town; and now, realizing that she was all alone in a dense wood, she knew that her mother would become alarmed at her long absence. So she did all she could to make as quick progress as possible before it became too dark.

When it was not necessary that her attention should be occupied in the course of her journey, she pondered over the afternoon's pleasure. Suddenly a thought struck her. "I wonder why Kitty didn't invite May. They were always such good friends." If one had been near enough to see her face as she mentioned the name, May, one could have seen that her expression was that of disdain.

When May Curtis had come to Roxville two years before, Bess had immediately taken a dislike to her. Because she knew so little of May, most of her friends and even she, herself, failed to understand the cause of her dislike. But later, on several occasions, May was, unconsciously, the cause of several of Bess' closest friends getting into trouble at the high school which they all attended. Consequently, the dislike, on Bess' part, quickly increased. Poor May, a plain, unattractive girl, keenly aware of Bess' feeling toward her, kept away from her as much as possible. This, of course, answers the question as to why May refused to accept Kitty's invitation.

It had now become so dark that little of the trail before Bess was visible. She saw a white speck ahead of her and decided that it must be another wanderer.

Drops of rain began to fall, lightning flashed, hunder in the distance could be heard. Bess, becoming startled, lashed her prancing Duchess on to a gallop. The nervous animal dashed blindly down the trail, stumbling over unseen obstacles. Finally coming to a little spring, the horse jumped across it, threw her mistress to the earth, and galloped away.

Bess screamed as she fell from the saddle, and then, striking her head on a rock, became senseless. A form was soon bending over her, trying to revive the little life left in the unconscious body.

"Bess, Bess, open your eyes! Quick! Can't you speak? Oh. Bess!"

She finally did open her eyes, and when they fell upon the stranger, she

gave a startled cry, "May! Wh—where am I? Oh, why can't my head stop buzzing so!" She put her hands to her head and groaned.

May arose and took the injured girl in her arms. "What are you going to do?" cried Bess.

"I am going to see how near I can get you to the attention you need," coolly answered May, although she was inwardly more excited than she had ever been in her life.

"I'm too heavy for you. Put me down!" cried Bess. May laughed. "You're as light as a feather"; a fact which was not far from being wrong to May's mind—May, who was so big and strong.

Bess again lapsed into unconsciousness, making the load much heavier for May, who stumbled on in the darkness, flashes of lightning being her only candles.

The load finally became too heavy for her exhausted body to carry any further. Just as she was pondering over what her next step should be a flash of lightning revealed a little shed on one side of the trail.

"I must leave her here and hurry to get the doctor. I couldn't carry her another step and this little shelter can protect her from the storm," May thought, as she quickly layed down the unconscious form. "How thankful I am that I came out to see Aunt Millie, this afternoon. It was certainly a piece of luck."

As she dashed down the trail toward Roxville, the rain began to come down in torrents, but on she ran, realizing the fact that a life was in her hands. "I don't know how seriously she is hurt, but there's one thing I do know—she is going to get a doctor's aid as soon as I can bring it."

She was about two miles from Roxville, but the ground flew from under her swift feet. The rain continued to pour, forming puddles, through which May splashed. About one-half mile from her destination, she tripped over an invisible something, and fell, cutting, on a sharp, pointed twig, a deep slash just above her ankle. Grinding her teeth in agony, she still limped on, determined that nothing should keep her from her duty.

Nearly one-half hour later, May fell over the doctor's doorstep in an unconscious heap, utterly exhausted and wringing wet. Dr. Randall, hearing the noise, rushed outside, nearly tripping over the unconscious figure. He picked her up, and bringing her into the warm house, used every possible method to restore her to consciousness.

"This girl is in a very serious condition," he said to his wife, as he examined May's foot. "She must have used this foot a great deal since it was hurt and has been losing blood constantly."

May finally opened her eyes and gazed bewilderingly around her. "Where am I? What is the matter? Did you get Bess?"

"Bess? Where is she?" asked the doctor.

May briefly explained the accident, telling exactly where Bess was. After begging them to hurry to find Bess, she fell back again, unconscious.

Dr. Randall, realizing that May needed his attention, rushed to the telephone, called up another doctor to find Bess, and then telephoned to the mothers of May and Bess.

Two weeks passed before Bess was out of danger, and long before the doctor was sure that May wouldn't have to lose her left foot. The small, gossiping town was still ringing with the news of the narrow escape of Bess, and of May's pluck.

Many had noticed, when Bess became better, that a great change had come over her. She seemed to be so grateful for the smallest favor that was done for her. As soon as she was able to write, she sent May a touching little note, full of love and gratitude. That May would be as true a friend as anyone could wish she now had no reason to doubt. She realized that it was through May's pluck that her life had been saved.

The girls were soon exchanging greetings daily, and when both were well again, they were always together. As the years went by, two more sincere friends could not be found than Bess Saunders and May Curtis.

—H. H. D., '13.



A Sane Christmas



LAST year our town had a very sane celebration on the Fourth of July. We listened to the reading of the Declaration with awe, and after a joyous ride on the merry-go-round, sat down to a sumptuous lunch, which the ladies of the Improvement Society had provided. As might be expected, our crowd was together, which included dainty, little Louise, brown-eyed Elizabeth, mischievous Florence, and my own insignificant self.

"Well, this is something like it should be, if only our patriotic forefathers were here to witness this calm serenity," murmured Louise, as she finished a generous piece of pie.

"You know very well that you like fireworks," retorted Florence, severely, "even if you do get your eyebrows burned as I did last year."

We laughed, for it had been two months before the speaker had dared to show herself in public without some penciling on her forehead, where the eyebrows should have been.

"This sane Fourth works pretty well," spoke up Elizabeth, "in spite of your grumblings. Say," as a bright thought struck her, "why don't people have a sane Christmas?"

Now, you know that new, peculiar ideas are catching, so within a few moments, we talked so loud and fast that some people near us made some remarks about "silly high school girls always making a racket."

"Well, we will have a sane Christmas. We won't work ourselves to death over presents that are not appreciated," I said, and the others agreed. Thereupon we shook hands and straightway forgot the incident.

The months flew by and we girls had many exciting times together. Three days before Christmas, we decided to walk to some nearby hills and get greenery with which to decorate our homes. The time passed pleasantly, except that Louise got a horrible scratch on her hand. She insisted that we need not go home on that account. We stayed and gathered the choicest evergreens, until it became quite dark, and my watch showed that it was nearly six o'clock.

Now, three miles may not seem like a long distance, but when you are on top of a big hill, and are tired and hungry, it seems a long way home. We hurried down the hillside, sliding and tripping over brush, until we came to a sudden stop. Florence had fallen in a heap, with a little cry.

"Oh, girls!" she moaned, "I'm afraid I've sprained my ankle; it hurts dreadfully when I move it."

Quickly removing her shoe, we found that the poor foot had already begun to swell. After bandaging the injured place with our knotted handkerchiefs, she tried to walk upon it, but found the pain too great for such an effort.

We began to realize in what a predicament we were. Some suggested that we make a seat by clasping hands. By this means we managed to carry

her to the narrow path. "If we could only find that little cottage that we passed on our way to the top," said Florence, faintly.

After a strenuous effort, we finally reached the small cottage. In response to our knocking, a dear, little woman came to the door. She was immediately all sympathy for our poor friend. It seemed that she had been a nurse before her marriage, so soon had the injured foot bandaged properly. Her name was Mrs. Bailey, and she urged us to remain with her over night, as she was to be alone with her two little daughters, and desired that we remain. She had a telephone, so that the fears of our parents were somewhat relieved, when they heard of our whereabouts.

We certainly had a fine time that night. What fun we had sleeping on the narrow couch, with two chairs to keep us from falling out. During the night, a terrific snow storm came, and when the gray morning dawned, the little cottage was snowed in up to the windows and door. We certainly could not go home then, so we planned to make the best of matters.

We found that Mrs. Bailey had not made any plans for Christmas, and that the little girls were all excitement, waiting for the eventful visit of Santa Claus. Poor dears; it would have been too bad to spoil their happiness, so we put out heads together and planned.

New wardrobes were made for their respective dolls, and aprons and little handkerchiefs were made for their small owners. Two of us tacked our precious greenery upon the walls, while two others made wonderful popcorn balls and candy. We worked all day long. It was nearly midnight before we retired after our strenuous efforts. Just before we fell asleep, Elizabeth suddenly burst out laughing. She laughed until she cried; and, although we were so tired that we could hardly keep awake, we shook her good, and demanded an explanation.

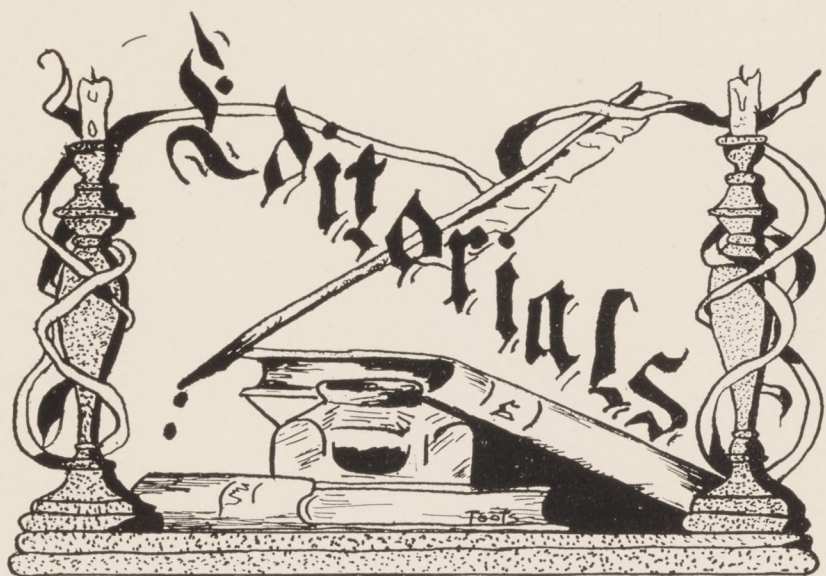
"Say, do you remember that we promised to have a sane Christmas, and here we are getting ready for an insane Christmas—just the opposite from what we intended.

We all laughed, each one confessing that they had made and purchased a number of gifts for various people.

"Well, this shows that just what we have done is the only way to have a sane Christmas," said practical Louise, "because what is Christmas without giving gifts?" and she slyly added, "receiving gifts, too?"

The next morning dawned bright and happy, bringing our folks to the rescue. We returned home safely after enjoying the time of our lives.

— E. G., '13.



THE ECHO is edited and issued the second Wednesday of each month during the school year by the students of the Santa Rosa High School.

Entered at the postoffice at Santa Rosa as second class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One Year, One Dollar. One Term, Fifty Cents. Single Copies, Fifteen Cents.

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Editorial



CHRISTMAS is here again, with its message of peace on earth and good will toward men. It seems a mockery to celebrate this holiday, when half of Europe stands ready to butcher the other half, merely for the purpose of satisfying national greed. Still, when we look around in the world, we can see that the spirit of peace is doing his work, by spreading the gospel of true brotherly love among the people; so that the time is surely coming, when the people themselves, will rule for peace on earth. It is to us, the younger generation, that the world is looking for the advancement of this movement, so it would be well if all of us bear this in mind when we wish each other a happy Christmas, that the latter may not be a meaningless phrase, but a real wish that all of us will stand for peace and good will toward one another.

* * * * *

It has been deemed best to make the fall and the spring semesters equal in length, so this term does not end until January the thirty-first. This change seems practical, as the cramming of the short fall term is no longer necessary, owing to the extension of the term.

As we watch the progress of the new annex, we are thankful that the spring term does not begin until in February, for by that time we hope that the new building will be completed and ready for use.

Let the following be one of our New Year's resolutions—That we will do our school work to the best of our ability. Let school work include the subjects which we study, the sports afforded us in the activities, and the literary and student body duties. Do this with a will, and endeavor to make the resolution a lasting one, so that in the future, the old branches and the new ones, opened to us by the completion of the annex, may be done so well that the people in this district will feel repaid for their efforts in procuring for us this new building.

Since this term does not end until January the thirty-first, the Senior number of *The Echo* will appear in January.

If you wish to purchase extra copies of the *JAUNARY* (Senior) Number of *THE ECHO*, leave orders with Dagny Juell, West Mallory, Art. Farnlof or L. Smith, before *JANUARY* 10, 1912.



YE FOOTBALL

Recently a committee of three, duly appointed by all students interested in football, presented to the governing board, a petition, which requested that said sport should receive it financial support and official recognition as a school activity. The motion was unanimously passed and as a result, football is once more the old school sport, to the gratification of the students in general.

On November 25th, the final tryouts for the team were held. A large number of enthusiastic candidates showed up and a first-class practice game ensued. So much good material has been developed during the past few weeks, that Coach Allen found great difficulty in making his selection. However, the following men have been chosen: Forwards—Linsten, Hewitts, Merritt, Russel, Hockins, Berry, Churchill, Roberts, Hall; half—Geo. Maroni (manager); first five-eighths—Bettini; second five-eighths—Argyle (captain); three-quarters—Gore, Mills, Hiems; fullback—Wilkinson, Watson. Though all men selected are players of extraordinary skill, Maroni, Argyle and Bettini, through their former experience in the game, shine above all others, while Merritt, with his ponderous weight and strength, promises to develop into a forward of professional ability.

YE BOYS' BASKETBALL

Opportunities are favorable for gaining a position on the basketball team. As a result of the June graduation, we have not a veteran left, and so far, but few boys have been out for practice.

A team was picked to play a practice game with Petaluma. Luck being against our boys, they lost.

Coach Martin says that he wants to see more fellows out for the next practice. So when league games commence he will be able to pick a winning team that will keep up the good reputation of S. R. H. S.

On December, the sixth, a game was played with the Santa Rosa Business College, and the S. R. H. S. boys won by a score of 21 to 15. This shows a marked improvement, as the Business College always came out ahead in practice. The league games come off the first of next term, so that now is the time to get out and practice.

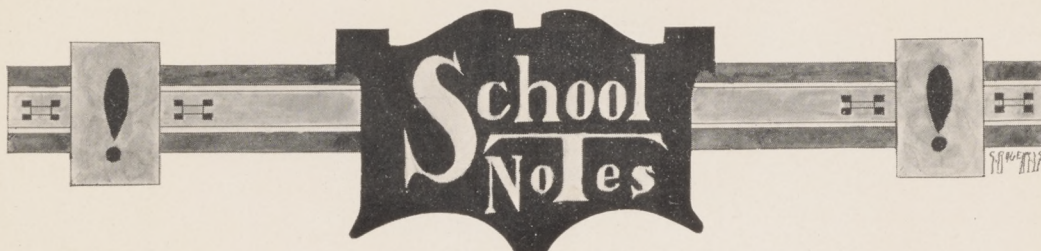
GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The tryouts for the girls' basketball team have been held, the following making the team: Centers—Helen Nagle (manager), Mary Matthews, Nellie Liggett, and Annie Matthews; guards—Adell Friedreck and Georgia Wolfe; forwards—Alice Korford and Alma McDaniels (captain.) These girls have been practicing diligently under the supervision of Mr. Allen.

On November the twenty-ninth, a practice game was played with Petaluma. Our girls played under great disadvantage, not having practiced on the slippery floor. The score was 11 to 5 in favor of Petaluma.

On Friday evening, December the sixth, the first of the league games will occur, when our team will oppose that of Cloverdale.





School Notes

On November 8, 1912, the students were given the pleasure of listening to a musical program by Mr. Chapin. All his numbers were greatly appreciated and applauded. He was accompanied by Miss Nesbit. We hope to hear from him again.

On November 15, the Girls' Glee Club rendered two songs. They were "Don't You Mind the Sorrows," and "Slumber Song."

At the debate held between Analy and Santa Rosa, Mrs. Mills arranged a program consisting of the following:

(a) "The First Heart Throbs"; (b) "Marguerite" (waltz).. Boys' Orchestra
(a) "Little One A'crying"; (b) "By His," from "Belle of Corneville"....

..... Blanche Bonnard
Piano Solo Frances Pannell

A dance was given to the boys' track team at Native Sons' hall on the evening of Wednesday, October 27, 1912. This dance was well attended.

The Girls' Glee Club has been practicing regularly every Thursday, and the members are doing well under the direction of Mrs. Mills. Since the faculty has decided to give credits for Glee Club work more interest is manifested and more work is done.

The boys' orchestra is also practicing regularly, and is doing fine work. They have pleased the student body several times with various selections.

DEBATING

Three cheers for our debating team!

We were successful in the first of the series of league debates, which took place at S. R. H. S. Friday evening, November the twenty-second.

A large audience was present on that evening to hear the interesting topic of "Panama Canal Tolls" discussed and argued by our team and that from Analy High. The judges, Mr. Scott of Sebastopol, Mr. Young of Petaluma, and Mr. Hoyle of Santa Rosa, decided in favor of the affirmative, which was upheld by Santa Rosa, by a vote of two to one.

However, each debater did remarkably well in supporting his side of the question and in sustaining the interest of the audience.

Under the direction of Mrs. Mills, several musical numbers were presented during the evening.

ALUMNI

Hazel Morehouse, '09, is attending U. C.
Giles Briggs is a contractor in Berkeley.
Mrs. H. Walker, formerly Edith Sanford, is residing in Fresno.
Victor McDaniels is attending the Santa Rosa Business College.
Violet Lane, '09, is teaching in Rincon Valley.
Thorne Gale, '09, is attending U. C.
Ophelia Caldwell is teaching in Bennett Valley.
Allen Lane, '09, is in San Francisco studying music under Hugo Mansfeldt.
Mabel Ahl, '06, is teaching at Stuben.
Blair Dickson is in Dindsley.
Eleanor Smith, '10, is attending the San Jose Normal.
Spence Dickson is in Sacramento.
Robert Lockhart, '10, is attending U. C.
Marion Pearson, '10, and Catherine Smyth, '10, are attending the San Francisco Normal.

GOVERNING BOARD REPORT

November 7—A special session was held, President England in the chair. Case read a measure, submitted by the football men, asking that football be reconsidered and a fund of \$15 be laid aside for the use of the football team. This measure was adopted. As there was no further business the meeting adjourned.

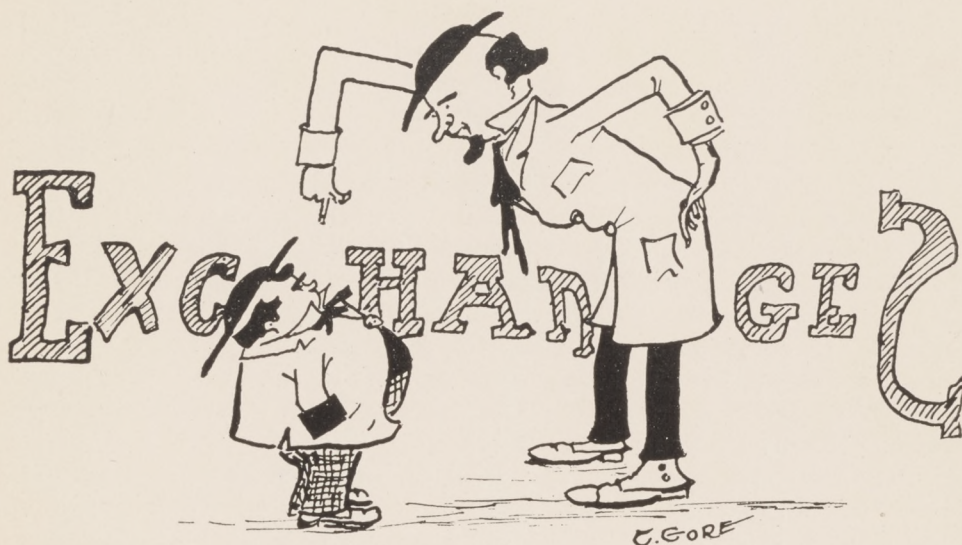
November 12—A regular session was held, England presiding. Two applications for expenditure of money were presented and granted. As there was no further business the meeting adjourned.

November 17—A regular session of the governing board was held. A report was made that the Petaluma High School basketball team wished to play a practice game with our team and they would pay one-half of the expenses. A motion was made and carried that we accept this offer. The meeting then adjourned.

November 26—Two applications for expenditure of money as follows were presented and granted: Fare to Petaluma for seven men, \$3.50; basketball whistle and fare to Analy for two, \$.85.

As the basketball manager had left school, nominations were made for a new manager. Otto Berger was elected. Mr. Montgomery then suggested that more liberty should be granted the pupils in management of school affairs and then briefly outlined his ideas on the matter. Nathanson made a motion that a committee be appointed to look into Mr. Montgomery's plans. There was no second to this motion. Mr. Allen then moved that Mr. Montgomery's plan be accepted, but there was no second to this motion. It was then moved and seconded that the chair appoint a committee to confer with Mr. Montgomery concerning the matter.

November 27—A special session was called. The manager of the girls' basketball team asked for a game with Petaluma. We were to pay half the expenses, which amounted to five dollars. This game was granted.



Owing to a misunderstanding, ads. appeared on the back cover of the November Echo. It has never been the policy of this magazine to run ads. on the cover, and as this department has always criticized exchanges that do, we have expected many such comments as "practice what you preach." We hope our exchanges will agree that this was not done intentionally.

The Midway, University High School, Chicago, Ill.: "Olie Olsen" is the best football story we have read for a long time. We suggest that the ads. in the front be placed in the back of your magazine; it will improve your appearance.

The Narrator, Schuykill Seminary, Reading, Po.: The ads. on the cover and in the front of your magazine cheapen your appearance. Why not group them in the back of your journal? A story would improve your literary department.

Dictum Est, Red Bluff, Cal.: Your cover design is attractive. We suggest you try a larger size of type; also leave out those black lines at the end of your stories.

We wish you came oftener—**The Oriole**, Campbell, Cal. Your cuts and material are excellent.

The Academy, Milwaukee, Wis.: The ads. on the front and back cover do not add to your appearance. Where is your table of contents? The exchange department should be placed before the josh department.

The Rayen Record, Youngstown, Ohio.: You are a credit to your school, but we think that a magazine with so large a circulation should be able to keep ads. in the back of your magazine. Why not comment upon more of your exchanges, instead of merely mentioning that you have received them?

The Wheat, Ritzville, Wash.: We congratulate you for the attitude shown by your merchants. We hope you may make a success of your paper without advertisements.

The Toltec, Durango, Colo.: Your literary material is good, but your

arrangement is poor. Give the literary department preference over the editorial. Do you consider your exchanges of so little importance that you place them almost among your advertisements? Keep your ads. in the back of your magazine.

The Anvil, Painesville, Ohio: Your departments are short but good. If your josh column can be made a bit longer, it would improve your paper.

High School Review, Shamokin, Penn.: Your editorials are well written. We suggest you take the ads. out of the front of your magazine.

The Columbia Collegian, Milton, Ore.: You should place the literary department before your editorials. A literary heading would improve your appearance. Please take those ads. from the front and back covers.

The Cascade, Seattle, Wash.: You are a small but well written magazine. We suggest a large size of type. It is better to leave off that extra flap on your cover if you must cover it with ads.

The Porcupine, Reedley, Cal.: You are one of the best exchanges received this month. Your literary department should have the first pages of your journal.

The Trident, Santa Cruz, Cal.: We welcome you to our exchange list. We have no fault to find with your magazine. Your josh column is the best part of your paper.

The Pennant, Elkhart, Ind.: You have a well-balanced paper. If we could forget those five pages of ads. in the front, we would be overjoyed. Your literary and athletic departments are excellent.

The Tattler, Milwaukee, Wis.: We admire your cuts and cover design. Will you not try your paper one month with those ads. out of the front pages?

Welcome! **Bulletin**, Stuberville, Ohio, as a paper without ads. in the front. You have a fine literary department. We are sorry for the loss of football in your school. The same thing almost happened in our school.

Our old friend, **The Owl**, Fresno, Cal., has arrived after several months of absence. You are our best exchange. Your josh column is excellent. Your literary department speaks well of the talent in your school.

JOKES



Advertisements

Wanted—A boy to open oysters fifteen years old.

Wanted—A good girl to cook, one who will make a good roast or broil, and will stew well.

Wanted—A bulldog; will eat anything; very fond of children.

Wanted—A young man to take care of a pair of mules of a Christian disposition.

* * * * *

G. Pond—Chester, how dare you make me stand on the corner like a fool!

C. G.—Why really, Glad., I can't help the way you stand.

* * * * *

He's the Guy

Gladys P.—Who is Themistocles?

Vera P.—I don't know. Oh, yes! He's the guy that built the navy!

* * * * *

Father—Goodness! how you look.

Son—I fell into thet pond.

Father—What! with your new trousers on?

Son—But Father, I didn't have time to take them off!

Miss Smith—Give an example of a space containing only vacuum.

O. Smith (josh editor)—Why, the josh box, generally!

* * * * *

Elderly Lady—Conductor, stop the train; I dropped my wig out of the window!

Conductor—Never mind, Madam, there's a switch just this side of the station.

* * * * *

Miss Crane (chemistry)—Mr. Churchill, it says to use alimony in this experiment and I don't know where you keep it.

* * * * *

Primary school girls's definition of a skeleton: Bones with the people off.

* * * * *

Miss Mailer (Algebra)—It it possible to take the greater from the lesser?

Dorothy P.—You do nearly the same thing when you take the conceit out of a Freshman.

I used to think I knew I knew,
 But now, I must confess,
 The more I know I know I know,
 I know I know the less.

* * * * *

"Dale," said the mother, sorrowfully, "every time you are naughty I get another gray hair."

"Gee!" said Dale, "you must have been a terror; look at Grandpa."

* * * * *

Frances Ahl, in Eng. Hist., disclosed the trend of her thoughts, when she blandly informed the class, that "The forces of Bruce were gathered near Sterling Coulter (Castle.)"

* * * * *

Two Ways of Taking It

Mildren T. (drawing persimmons)
 —Do you like these, Miss Abeel?

Miss Abeel—Fine—when they're ripe.

* * * * *

Fred P.—Mae, did you tell your sister I wanted her to go for a walk with me?

Mae—Yes.

F. P.—Is she making up her mind?

Mae—Nope; her face.

* * * * *

Barber (after the shave)—Hair dyed, sir?

Customer (bald-headed)—Yes, it died about ten years ago!

"What building is that?" asked the stranger of a small boy, pointing to the school house.

"That?" said the boy. "Why, that's the tannery," and he feeling rubbed his back as he passed on.

* * * * *

Zelma—Mae has a new dress-maker; what do you think of the fit of her new gown?

Thelma D.—I shouldn't call it a fit; I should call it a convulsion!

* * * * *

Geyser or Kaiser

Miss Mailer (Geog.)—And now we come to Germany, that important country governed by the Kaiser. Ruth, what is a Kaiser?

Ruth O. (yawning)—A stream of hot water springing up and disturbing the earth.

* * * * *

Can It Be a Spring Chicken?

Helen G.—I'd like to see "The Bird of Paradise"—no "Fine Feathers"

That's not it—maybe it's "The Blue Bird"—anyway, it belongs to the bird family.

* * * * *

Dorothy Condo—Why does Mildred Turner rest her chin on her hands, when she is trying to think?

Donald Seaton—To hold her mouth shut, so she wont disturb herself, I guess.

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STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

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Teacher—If you want to learn anything you must start at the bottom

Bud—How about learning to swim?

* * * * *

Miss Leddy—Theodore, I think you are in the wrong class; you know this isn't a resting place.

Tub (sighing)—Yes; I know that.

* * * * *

Miss Leddy—Now, Salem, if you told me that your teacher had praised you, what would you say?

Salem P.—Impossible!

* * * * *

She—I—I hardly know what to say; have you asked Papa yet?

He—I have.

She—What did he say?

He—He said, "What! Her? Gosh, yes!"

* * * * *

Physics

Miss Smith—Mildred, why can you blow out a candle?

M. T.—Why, because the flame gets squashed between two strong currents of air.

* * * * *

How much would F. Pederson be worth if he lost his money?

* * * * *

Joke

No matter how hungry a horse is, he cannot eat a bit.

Dorothy C.—I think some long walks would do me good.

Z. C.—Alright, I'll take you out in my auto a few times.

* * * * *

Vot goes aaround mit morbid frown?

Vot dinks he is der best in town?

Vot really acts shust like a clown?

Der Senior. —Ex.

* * * * *

Book Agent—Yes, Mr. Berry, this book will do one-half of your lessons.

Bud—Yes, yes; give me two, quick!

* * * * *

Something New in Costumes

Gertrude Lee (planning a new costume for the masque ball)—Myrtle, let's go as "Old Dutch Cleanser!"

Myrtle P.—Great! You be the dirt and I'll be the cleanser!

* * * * *

Miss Wirt (to Lola B.)—Has Mildred a pretty face?

As an afterthought—Yes, but it's covered too much.

(Wonder what she meant?)

* * * * *

A group of girls heard the blasting at the quarries and one inquired what it was.

"Oh, that's a battle over in Turkey," replied Lola B.

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Jar Taffies?

IF NOT

WHY NOT?

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Complete House Furnishings

Everything at one price, and that price
RIGHT

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Words and Meanings

Excellence—A word seldom used in High School.

Prompt—A boy and his date (?)

Cyclone—The hair of S. R. H. S. girls.

Powder—Girls use it for defense.

Noisy—This word only used by teachers.

Speculate—Referring to some of S. R. H. S. boys.

Joke—A name given to a foolish question.

Mirror—Ask girls meaning of this.

Studious—This word is greatly over used.

Cruel—This word has many meanings; ask a girl.

* * * * *

Tommy, noiselessly entering the room, indignantly exclaimed: "I'll be switched!" And he was.

* * * * *

Advice

Some of us fit in—others butt in.

* * * * *

Indignant mother — Margaret, Billy just told me he saw ——— kissing you last night.

And she now agrees with Eng. VI.—that it's the little things that tell.

* * * * *

Miss Leddy—Now, you may give me an example of the dative.

Gladys Carithers (her mind elsewhere)—Well, I'll meet you at 8:30.

HAHMAN DRUG CO.

Prescription Druggists

213 Exchange Ave.

Santa Rosa - California

Teacher—What plant thrives best in excessive heat?

Wise Soph.—Ice plant.

* * * * *

A Freshman went to Hades once,

To see what he could learn;

They sent him back to school again,

He was too green to burn.

* * * * *

Douglas C. (meeting Roy, who was carrying a rabbit in his hand), asked: "Roy, is that your own hair or a wig?"

* * * * *

Bud B.—You had better ask for manners rather than money.

Hugh W.—I asked for what I thought you had most of.

* * * * *

Police Magistrate—What insolence, to break into a house in a busy street, in the middle of the day!

Thief—I was already engaged for the evening.

* * * * *

With a one cent stick of Spearmint chewing gum—got ten minutes' chewing, a lecture, a trip from room 5 to office, another lecture, a week's "vacation," a row of goose-eggs in English, my standing reduced from S to F, and a lecture from dad.

* * * * *

Mae H.—Why it's only six o'clock; I told you to come after supper.

Bill Wylie—That's what I'm after. —Ex.



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back, long lapel, with hip pants, and plenty of room;
you know, just like the Suit you made for Chauncey.

Shure, I will, and just pass it around to the boys that
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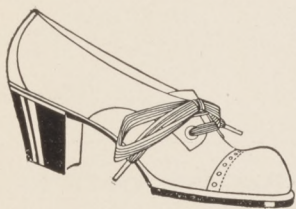
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& SON

She Was Lucky

Mr. Martyn—Well, how about it?

Mr. Allen—Her father and mother
both objected to me.

Mr. M.—That's hard luck. It's
the first thing in years on which
they have agreed.

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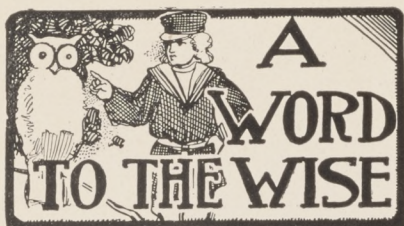
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Mr. S.—What claims did Edward
III. have to the French throne?

Student—Oh, his mother was the
prince of France.

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"I am all in the dark as to how I'm to pay these bills," said Mr. Hardup, to his wife.

"Well," said she, as she pulled out a colored bill and laid it on the pile, "you will be if you don't pay this one, for it's the gass bill."

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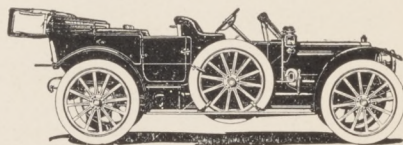
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ECHO ADVERTISERS

(In German III.)—Herr Brown mussten zoll auf die Siissigkeiten bezahlen.

Bernice C. (translating)—Mr. Brown must pay duty on the sausages.

* * * * *

M. Hall (in Ancient Hist.)—The statues were made of asbestos (alabaster.)

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